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THE "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE.

Still stand the maples at the gate,
The dark fir-trees beside the door;
The bob-white calls his pensive mate
As sweetly as he did before.

No more the footpath breaks the lawn,
Its course is overgrown and dim;
My father never treads upon
The spot for years so dear to him.

I still behold my mother's face,
Her singing voice drifts down to me;
But vacant now her waiting place,
Where she had always loved to be.

No hand can stay the crumbling walls,
The fearless weeds and mosses start;
And every piece of Home that falls
Rests heavy on my homelick heart.
—Roscoe Brumbaugh, in Lippincott's.

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALISM

How the Jimmy . . .
Supplemented the Pen.

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON.

If you have ever tried to write a story in which a burglar forms a vital part of the plot, you will agree that for this sort of work—
theoretically, at least—there should be no time so fitting as the midnight hour; no place so prolific of spinal shiverings as a bare, dimly lit room in a rambling, deserted old house, where cold draughts, and eerie, unaccountable creakings conspire to add just the right flavor of ghostliness to the situation. It was exactly upon this theory that I rented such a room in such a house in a lonely suburb of San Francisco, and on a certain bitter cold evening in December prepared to pass the night there.

My desire was to work up a vivid account of a burglary in all its fascinating details—depicting the entrance of the burglar, the feelings of the unfortunate individual whose lot it was to be the victim, and all that sort of thing. Naturally, I spared no pains to make my environment as suggestive as possible. On the table at which I intended to sit while recording my impressions of the situation, I placed a loaded magazine pistol. The blinds I had drawn so closely that from the outside the room must have seemed to be in darkness. My only light was a dark lantern, which I had bought that day from a benevolent-looking Hebrew patriarch, who recommended the lantern most highly. He evidently had mistaken my calling.

I did not at once feel in the mood for writing. And so, as there was a comfortable fire going in the old-fashioned grate, I got out my pipe and smoked until the midnight hour—with all the weird, fantastic images that it calls up in the imagination—was almost at hand. At such a time and such a place, sterile, indeed, were the imagination that did not feel itself aroused. I was soon scratching away quite merrily. I had been working thus for perhaps twenty minutes, and had just reached the point where the burglar is due to make his entry on the scene, when I fancied that I heard a faint scraping sound at one of the windows. It startled me for the moment. Then I concluded that it was nothing, congratulated myself on having brought my imagination to such a responsive pitch, and laughed at myself for having been frightened by a monster of my own creation.

I resumed my writing. But I had not completed a dozen lines when something occurred which was not down on my program. It was a repetition—this time unmistakably real—of the sound which had startled me a few moments before. In a flash I shot the slide of my lantern to, picked up my revolver, and slipped quickly and noiselessly into a closet. I pulled the closet door almost shut—just leaving a sufficient opening to enable me to see what was going on in the room without myself being seen. I did not have long to wait. The window at which I had first heard that faint, scraping sound was slowly, carefully shoved upward. The blind was then cautiously thrust aside, and a masked face appeared in the opening. For a moment it glanced warily about the room. Then, apparently satisfied with what he saw, the prowler raised the blind and climbed in softly through the open window. This was realism with a vengeance.

I shifted my feet silently, and took a new grip on my revolver. For a moment I thought of sallying forth from my hiding place and giving battle to my nocturnal visitor. On second consideration it seemed better for me to remain where I was and await developments. Then if the burglar did discover my hiding-place, I would have a decided advantage.

While these speculations had been forming in my mind, the burglar had pulled an ugly-looking pistol from his pocket, examined it, and put it back. Then with the slide half closed he began to flash his lantern about the room. He was in truth a burglar to satisfy the requirements of the most sanguinary youth who ever reveled in a dime novel. He was short and squat

of figure, shabbily dressed, and possessed of a gait which for pure burglariness far surpassed anything I have ever seen on the stage. He wore a soiled muffler about his throat, for the night was bitter cold. Now catching sight of my watch—which, in my excitement, I had left lying on the table—he slid over to the table, picked up the watch, and after a moment's scrutiny he thrust it into his pocket with a grunt of satisfaction. He continued his search of the room, but could find nothing else worthy of his attention. Once he seemed to be looking rather queerly at the closet, as if he thought it might be profitably investigated. I had a rather bad minute just about this time, and felt greatly relieved when he went silently from the room, leaving the door open behind him. For some minutes afterward I could hear him walking down the halls and through the uncarpeted rooms of the old place. I was just beginning to hope that he would find his investigation so barren of results as to cause him to leave the house in disgust, when his footsteps now sounded in the hall leading to my room, and an instant later he was with me again. He looked about him; then walking over to my table, he picked up my unfinished manuscript, contemplated it a moment, and thrust it into his coat pocket. Then going over to the coal box he scooped up a generous shovelful of coal and threw it upon the fire, which had nearly gone out. After which he calmly—almost luxuriously—drew my chair up to the fire, laid his pistol on the table within easy reach, and proceeded to read my manuscript. He was clearly a most extraordinary burglar.

At first the unexpectedness of his singular actions dazed me; then the boldness of them fairly took me off my feet. I watched my felonious friend narrowly, noting with pardonable pride that he seemed interested in my story. Then a sudden wild idea seized me. Why not enlist the aid of my degenerate guest in the noble cause of literature? Indeed, could anything be more appropriate? Surely, I reasoned, it does not necessarily follow that no good can come from a burglar. And this one seemed unusually intelligent. The more I thought of the idea the more it pleased me, the more it took hold of me. Still I hesitated. The thing was undeniably dangerous. To be sure, I had obtained my knowledge of guns on a cattle ranch, and felt that I could shoot about as fast and as straight as nine burglars out of ten. But what if this burglar happened to be the tenth? I had just about come to the conclusion that I had better lie low until my knight of the dark lantern had departed, when something occurred that suddenly changed my plans. As the burglar finished the manuscript, he yawned and laid it back on the table with the muttered remark: "Nobody but a blamed idiot would act like that burglar!"

Those were unfortunate words for him. For no sooner had he delivered himself of this caustic and unmerited aspersion on my powers of characterization than I sallied forth with blood in my usually tranquil eye. He reached as if for his pistol. "Cut it out—quick!" I snapped, with as much incisiveness and determination as a mild and peaceable author could reasonably be expected to muster. Then I picked up his gun and placed it in my pocket—after which I addressed myself again to my burglar. "Now, my good friend," I said, pleasantly, "seeing that you have expressed dissatisfaction at my conception of your calling, I shall be indeed grateful to you if you will give me some idea of what a true burglar is like. You will find my fountain pen an exceptionally smooth writer."

The burglar regarded me for a moment with puzzled face. "I'm not a burglar any more than you are!" he then said, with a short, snappy laugh. His statement almost made me drop my pistol. But I never took my eyes off him. Then a sudden idea occurred to me. "Take off your mask!" I commanded.

Off came the black cloth. One look

at that thin, scarred face, with its crooked mouth and restless, shifty blue eyes, convinced me that if ever a burglar lived, here was a choice specimen. But I determined to humor him. "That may be," I said. "At any rate, will you have the kindness to place on paper—and perhaps hand down to a grateful generation of authors—a true description of the most exciting burglary you have ever committed?"

He looked at me in apparent astonishment. "Why," he replied, smiling broadly, "I'm a writer myself. I just fixed up in these togs for a bluff. I'm out for the same thing you are. I thought this old place was deserted. That's why I came here. I'm an Amherst man," he said, with a tinge of pride that was either real or else exceedingly well done. "Class of ninety-four."

But the farce had proceeded far enough. "Will you kindly explain to me in what way you expect your literary experience to be enriched by purloining my watch?" I asked, politely, wishing to bring matters to a head.

For reply the burglar sprang at me. But I had seen his sharp eyes measuring the distance between himself and my pistol-hand, and I was prepared. Springing back quickly, I avoided his grasp, and dealt him a chopping blow on the head with my heavy pistol. He went down like a log.

I was sincerely sorry that the necessity for violence should have arisen—and up to a certain point in our interview I had even hoped that I was about to secure some bits of realism that would be real contributions to the common literary fund. But as matters now stood, there seemed but one thing to do. So I bound the burglar hand and foot with some rather feeble-looking rope that I found in the closet where I had been hiding. Then going to the window, I blew shrilly upon the police whistle with which, in my strenuous endeavor to attain the realistic atmosphere, I had previously equipped myself. Before many minutes a couple of blue-coats were on the scene—and a little later the patrol wagon was clattering over the pavement with my burglar inside. At that moment he probably did not know just what was going on. No doubt, however, the true situation occurred to him later.

And now for the sequel—which concerns itself with the fate of the manuscript and of the burglar. The fate of the manuscript, like that of the burglar, was cruel. After many trips across the continent, it was finally accorded an entire pigeon-hole in my desk, where it will probably rest to the end of my days. And the question of why an unavailable manuscript should be preserved and given an entire pigeon-hole brings me to the second part of my sequel. Shortly after the arrest of the burglar he was identified as one Nicholas Ware, a man wanted by the police in half a dozen cities. The aggregate reward offered for his arrest amounted to some two thousand dollars, and as the chief of police was a man of small experience in such matters, we divided the money.

All of which, I humbly submit, merely goes to show that the pen is mightier than the jimmy.—The Argonaut.

An Irving Story.

Sir Henry Irving tells that at one time visiting Shakespeare's birthplace he had a slight experience with a rustic of the vicinity. Being in a quizical frame of mind, Sir Henry addressed a few questions to the fellow, and in reply obtained some illuminating information, according to the Buffalo Commercial.

"That's Shakespeare's house over there, I believe," Sir Henry innocently remarked.

"Ees."
"Have you ever been there?"
"Noa."
"I believe Mr. Shakespeare is dead now. Can you tell me how long?"
"Dunno."
"Let's see, he wrote, did he not?"
"Oh, yes, he did summat."
"What was it he wrote?"
"Well, I think it was the Bible."

Meaning of Storning.

The storning, which has denoted King Oscar from the Norwegian throne, is, being interpreted, the Great Court, and should be pronounced to rhyme with "courting." The second part of the word is identical with our "thing," however, as the Scandinavian languages, in common with Anglo-Saxon, have the same word for "thing" and "council." In modern English a trace of the second sense survives in the word "hustings," which came to mean the public platform upon which a candidate appeared at election time, though originally the "hustings" was the council at which the candidate was selected, the "house-thing" or house council.

Expectant Maidens.

It is all very well to blame the girls of to-day for making themselves cheap, but the fact remains that they are cheap, and that the poor things cannot make themselves otherwise. For every eligible man in society there are at least five-and-twenty expectant maidens waiting, and the only wonder is that under the circumstances so many of these parties are as nice as they are. —Ladies' Field.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Blight in Cotton.

During the present summer, 1905, there has been an unusually large amount of complaint made by cotton growers about the ravages of the disease commonly called leaf-blight. In many cases the complainants averred the crop would be reduced one-half or more by this disease. The red and yellow blights of cotton are manifestations of the same disease. The disease itself is of a physiological nature and may be best described as starvation. The immediate cause is the lack of assimilable plant food, more especially potash, in the soil. The proximate cause is often the bad physical condition of the soil, resulting from lack of humus, shallow plowing or breaking of land, and over cropping without rotation or resting the land.

During the present year cotton growers were advised by newspapers to reduce the cost of the crop by using less fertilizer or none. That this injudicious advice has been followed to a considerable extent and that it has resulted in the present season's relatively enormous development of leaf-blight, the writer is fully convinced.

If there is any one point in the whole theory of cotton culture thoroughly established, that point is, that within certain limits—rarely or never surpassed by the average grower—the greater the amount of fertilizer used on the crop, the greater the profit or the less the pound of seed cotton costs.

Whether or not it is profitable to grow cotton at all is another question. Those who will grow cotton should aim to grow it at the cheapest price per pound. This under normal climatic conditions means that the higher the yield, the less the cost per pound or bale. The greater the amount of fertilizer, the greater the yield.

The writer has advised all who have sent him blighted cotton leaves to apply immediately, per acre, from 200 to 500 pounds of kainit and fifty pounds of nitrate of soda and cultivate the crop frequently, but shallowly. This fertilization will, in most cases, prevent further extension of the disease, but it will not remedy the check the plants have already experienced by lack of these food stuffs which should have been added to soil before the seed was planted.

Cotton growers must bear in mind the old proverb, "Nothing from nothing." They cannot extract any profitable crop from the average cotton soil, without generously feeding the crop.—Gerald McCarty.

Shading Vegetables.

A few years ago the Connecticut Experiment Station and the Department of Agriculture at Washington conducted experiments on the results of shading growing tobacco plants. Some important results seemed to be achieved.

Last year the Rhode Island Station undertook to find out whether such shading would be beneficial in growing certain vegetables which are more or less difficult to raise during the hot summer months. In addition to the better growth looked for, it was hoped that plant diseases and injurious insects might be more readily kept in check. It is, of course, impossible to gain a definite conclusion from such an experiment with only two seasons to judge by, especially as the last two summers were rather cool, a condition which would serve to reduce any difference which there might be between shaded and unshaded growth. However, there are some results which have been quite manifest during both seasons, and which may be of general interest.

During both seasons transplanting of the different vegetables has been more easily accomplished on the shaded ground than on the unshaded.

The tent covering broke the force of rains, and the ground was not packed so hard under the tent as outside. The moisture was confined by the covering, and the soil did not bake so readily inside as outside.

Lettuce formed leaves faster inside, and at first looked far superior, but headed better and showed less tendency to run to seed outside.

Cauliflower, under the tent, was more free from insects, especially the maggot, the yield was greater, and the product was whiter than that from unshaded ground.

Celery matured more quickly, and the weight untrimmed was greater outside than inside the tent, but the stalks were longer, and the amount of marketable celery was considerably greater from the shaded ground. The quality also seems to be a little better from the shaded ground.

As already said, these results cannot be considered as establishing any definite conclusions. Further study will be necessary, in order to find out whether the results of the last two seasons can be set down as typical, and whether they are of sufficient importance to warrant the practical application of shading in the growing of vegetables.

Curing Corns on Horses.

A Tennessee subscriber asks for "a sure way of curing corns in horses and mules."

There is no such way; and then there are different kinds of corns that originate differently and have to be treated according to their special nature.

Professor Law, in a discussion of the problem, says: If a recent bruise and uncomplicated, apply either a bar shoe or a common one, but rasp down the bearing surface of the affected heel to avoid pressure, and place the feet in water to keep the wall moist with wet swabs and the sole with oil meal or clay packing.

"When tenderness has subsided, smear the hoof with ointment and work carefully. Remove the shoe early enough to prevent pressure on the heel, and in preparing the foot retain the strength of the heel by preserving the elastic horn of the sole between wall and bar. Never allow this to be pared and weakened unless it is to evacuate matter or sand, or for the removal of a horny tumor.

If suppuration has taken place, pare down the heel until the matter escapes, remove all horn detached from the quick, and pare the horn around to a thin edge, poultice until the surface is smooth, dry and not at all tender, then apply a bar shoe, a leather sole, and a stuffing of turpentine.

"No pressure should be allowed on this heel until the sole has grown up to its normal level as a support.

"If old-standing corns are connected with the death of a portion of the heel, of the foot bone or ulceration of the lateral cartilage, these must be scraped or cut off before improvement is to be expected. If connected with side bones, they are liable to be kept up by frequent pinching of the quick between the bone and horn, and demand careful shoeing to avoid pressure on the heel. Some cases may be benefited by cutting out the side bone."

These remarks may put the present correspondent on the track of exactly what he needs to do. It is a general statement by an authority on the subject of corns of horses and mules. In being thus general, we necessarily follow the character of the call here made.—Home and Farm.

The Compost Heap.

A Florida subscriber and friend of Home and Farm wants to know how to form a compost heap.

The sort of heap is made by getting together, as opportunity offers, all the decomposable animal or vegetable matter within convenient reach—everything thus obtainable that can make manure.

Soil can, in this service, be used, both as an ordinary absorbent and to hold valuable gases that otherwise would escape.

In this view it is in order ever now and then to turn over and so mix the material in a heap of this character. Thus decomposition is helped and a highly available and good form of plant food is produced.

Professor Voorhees, in his work on the "First Principles of Agriculture," says: "A good compost heap may be made by placing a layer of manure, then a layer of the weeds or other like waste products of any kind, then a layer of lime or ashes, the whole well moistened, and the order repeated until all this class of products is used."

"The manure starts fermentation, the lime aids in the rotting, as well as to prevent acidity and to keep the heap alkaline, and the moisture prevents too hot fermentation."

"By careful management destructive fermentation is prevented and the quality of the constituents is greatly improved."

The expense of making a compost heap varies greatly, of course. Commercial fertilizers can be added with great advantage; this ought to be done according to the requirements of the particular soil and crop.

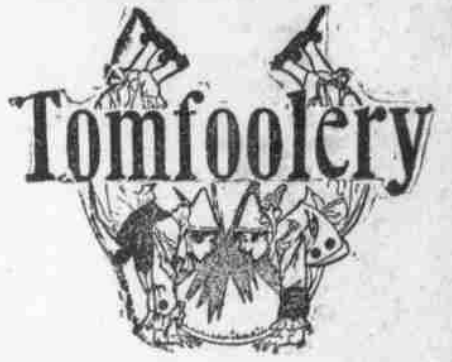
We like to see a farmer with the thought and practice of the compost heap constantly in mind. A good outcome can hardly fail to come from the union. It certainly "pays to take care of and to save all such manurial products, and to see to it that what otherwise would be wastes are reduced."

Cuttings in Sand.

To make cuttings root quickly, fill a saucer full of sand, into which slips of any kind of plants may be set for rooting. Enough water must be kept constantly in the saucer to give the sand the consistency of mud, and it must then be given a light and warm place.—Southern Fruit Grower.

Planting Peach Pits.

In many cases it will be found profitable to save the pits of the best peaches, taking care not to allow them to become too dry, and then plant them about two inches deep early this fall. Many of them will grow trees that will commence to bear when three years old.



EFFECT OF WEALTH ON LEARNING.

A brilliant and learned prof. Became of great wealth the poss. Said the voters in town, "Give a job to Prof. Brown;" So now he's become an ass. —Puck.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.

Ella—"I suppose May is busy preparing for her wedding."
Emily—"Oh, yes. She has just selected her advertising agent."

IMPRUDENT.

Ethel—"Is she very extravagant?"
Helen—"Yes, indeed. She spends so much money that she sometimes has little or nothing left for her complexion."

A GOOD THING.

Mrs. Hicks—"John, I'm sure there's a burglar down in the dining room."
Mr. Hicks (sleepily)—"Good! If we keep quiet maybe he'll take away that chafing-dish of yours."—Philadelphia Press.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Mrs. Jones (reading)—"A man in Ohio sells his wife to a blind peddler for ten cents. Isn't that awful?"
Mr. Jones—"It certainly is—anybody who will stick a blind man is no good." —Puck.

NO REASON FOR PRIDE.

Fuddy—"Don't you think Frost rather opinionated?"
Duddy—"I don't see why he should be. He is one of the chief men in the Weather Bureau, you know."—Boston Transcript.

THE TALE OF A DOG.



(To be continued.)
—Philadelphia Record.

PREFERS A HEAVY TOMBSTONE.

Mrs. Hanks—"What sort of tombstone shall we get for dear mother—something elaborate or a plain one?"
Mr. Hanks—"Well, I think something good and heavy will be best."—Cleveland Leader.

HE WAS SATISFIED.

Sister—"What! You engaged to Miss Prettyrun? Why, she has no family tree!"
Brother—"Oh, I guess she has—and judging from her appearance it must be a peach!"—Columbus Dispatch.

IN OTHER WORDS.

"Those who dance," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "must pay the fiddler!"
"Or, in other words," said the grass widower, with a sigh, "those who wed must pay alimony."—Chicago News.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL.

She—"Do you go to the opera much?"
He—"Never."
"But I understand your wife to say you were passionately fond of Italian productions?"
"So am I. I love macaroni."—Chicago Journal.

MIGHT HAVE WON MORE.

"And you promised me you would never speculate again."
"I know it, but it was such a temptation. I bought steel at sixty and sold at sixty-eight."
"Oh, Algeron, how could you; it went to seventy-three."—Brooklyn Life.

THE INEVITABLE FRONT.

"I wonder why it is that we are always short of money?"
"That's easy, my dear. Because, whenever we get prosperous in one home, you always insist on our moving to a more expensive one and living beyond our means."
"But how can we be happy otherwise?"—Life.

THE KINDEST THING.

Ranter—"I thought this paper was friendly to me?"
Editor—"So it is. What's the matter now?"
Ranter—"I made a speech at the banquet last night and you don't print a line of it."
Editor—"Well? What further proof did you want of our friendship?"—Philadelphia Press.